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COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Philanthropist.
LETTER TO MR. RANKIN
From Rev. J. Shaw.

MR. RANKIN.—Believing that you are not of
those who weigh the sentiments of others by
age, or popularity, I have concluded to
write you a letter on the subject of the coming
presidential election. If you are in an error on
this subject, as I think you are, it is a very seri-
ous matter, for your influence, and your unwea-
ried activity will lead more into the error than
any of the rest of us could. I feel therefore
very desirous that you especially should go
straight. And I feel encouraged to think that
you will become right from the fact that on
every subject, where the same principles are
involved, on which you advocate voting for Gen.
Harrison, you are right.

You do not pretend to say that Harrison, if
elected, will be a minister of God to this na-
tion, for good, by being a terror to evil doers,
and a praise to them that do well. This you
could not do, for we have assurances from him-
self that, at least, in one very important mat-
ter, he will be the reverse of this. If then, 'not to
do evil, but to love good' is to be against him, how
much more is it to be against him, who has
said, 'I will be a terror to evil doers, and a
praise to them that do well.' This is the
rebellion, is against Christ. To
advocate then for him to fill an office that ought to
be filled in subservience to Him, who sits upon
the throne, is to vote against Him whom God
has nominated, and exalted, and crowned King
of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

But you will say that you intend to vote for
Harrison only for the sake of avoiding a greater
evil. I would then ask, is there any evil so
great that to avoid it, you would be justified in
rejecting Christ in his Kingdom office?
You will reply, that in aiming to prevent an
evil, your intention is good; and that it is the
intention of an agent that gives character to his
actions. There is truth in this statement if it
be a limited application; but as a general prin-
ciple, it is as false as any thing can be. It is
not an action right in itself will not be right,
because the intention of the agent is also right.—
It is never true that an action, otherwise
wrong, becomes right through an intention to do
good by transgression.

If then the intention does not justify the
action, will you say the end does? If neither the
intention of the agent, nor the end sought, will
justify the use of means otherwise wrong, what
can I believe however that the time has come
when many persons in the church, if not with-
out, when it is necessary to inquire afresh,
whether protestants are right in opposing the
electoral principle, "the end justifies the means."
If I have understood you correctly,
it is only for the sake of the evil that will be pre-
vented by the election of Harrison, that you
are resolved to vote for him. This is making
the end justify the means. It seems to me that
ought to be very sure that you will suc-
ceed, in case you vote for him; for if you have
the end sought to justify your vote, it will
come in unto you. But is it true that should
you succeed your vote would be correct? It
seems to me to involve this absurdity, that an
action imparts character to its cause; or, in other
words, the results of an action determine its
character. If this is true, then it would be right
to kill every man, who is, and is likely to
become a nuisance to society. All the results
would be good. You say, no. The ex-
ample would be bad. Certainly not. If others
follow my example, they will kill only such
as are, and are likely to remain nuisances to so-
ciety. Then the results will all be good. But
you will say that every man will judge for him-
self when it would be for the good of society
that one of his neighbors removed. This is
the very reason why it is not safe for men to
act upon the rule, the end justifies the means.—
They will judge for themselves in regard to the
desirableness of an end, and selfish reasons will
determine their course in almost every case. It
cannot be right then to justify voting for Har-
rison on principles that would be ruinous to the
morality, and the happiness of society, if gen-
erally adopted as a rule of action.

The cause you are taking in regard to the
election is principally the course the General
Assembly took in regard to slavery. You
think that unless the party in power can be put
down, the country is ruined; and you know of
no way to put down the dominant party, but by
winning for the candidate of the opposite party.—
And Dr. West said, and to him they all agreed,
that these (the slave holders) remain in the
land, we cannot be saved. So then, to propitiate
the favor of those, who only could save the
Presbyterian denomination from ruin, it is
ought necessary to vote as they did. And I
have no doubt that those who you think voted
wrong in this case, did so on the same prin-
ciple, that you advocate as correct in relation to
the coming election. They sincerely thought,
that all things considered, they did the best that
could be done. So thought the Assembly of
1837, when they cut off the four Synods. So
thought Congress in the rejection of our peti-
tions.

But you justify your course by saying that
you become responsible for all the evils of Van
Buren's rule, if you do not do all you can to
prevent his election. You feel yourself com-
pelled to choose between two evils, and as it
seems to me, to commit a sin to boot. And
yet you put together you have chosen the worse
of the dilemma which you have made for

yourself. But let us look at your argument, or
rather assertion, for such it is. If I am respon-
sible for all the evil I can prevent by doing
what would in other circumstances be wrong,
then I am responsible for all that I could, but do
not prevent, by refusing to do what would other-
wise be duty. The primitive Christians could
have put an end to the bloody persecutions that
were waged against them, by denying Christ.
They did not do it. Therefore their blood is
upon their own heads. John Rankin could
have prevented several mobs, if he had only re-
fused to lecture on the exciting subject of aboli-
tion. But he did not prevent them by refusing
to lecture. Therefore he is responsible for
those mobs. Can you avoid these conclusions?
Not without abandoning the premises from
which you draw the conclusion, that I become
responsible for all the evils of Van Buren's elec-
tion, if I do not vote for Gen. Harrison.
Yours with much esteem.

JAMES SHAW.
For the Philanthropist.
OUR MINISTER IN ENGLAND.

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me, through the col-
umns of the Philanthropist, to call the attention
of the wheat-growing farmers of the free states to
the conduct of Andrew Stevenson, U. S.
Minister, at the court of St. James. At a late
meeting of the land holders of Great Britain,
composed almost entirely of noblemen, held to
devise means for the support of the Corn Laws,
Mr. Stevenson was present and delivered a
speech in defence of the laws which was re-
ceived with bursts of applause by his aristocratic
audience. What, let me ask, was Mr. Stev-
enson's motive in thus arraying himself against
the interests of the Northern States, in advocat-
ing a tariff on grain which virtually excludes
that staple of Northern produce from the En-
glish market? While patriotic men of all par-
ties, in this country, have been anxiously look-
ing forward to the repeal of those laws, and cal-
culating, in that event, on the proper adjustment
of the balance of trade with England by the in-
creased exportation of northern grain, they un-
expectedly meet a fierce and powerful opponent
in the representative of the U. S. in En-
gland. Representative of the United States, did
I say? No! he represents the interests of
but one section of the Union. So besotted is
he with Southern jealousy of the prosperity of
"the nation of shopkeepers, peddlers and white
slaves" as northern men were once termed by
a southern politician, as recklessly to throw
himself from the high position hitherto oc-
cupied by American ambassadors, for the purpose
of co-operating with British Aristocrats in the
most laudable work of crushing the poor of En-
gland and crippling the energies of the grain-
growing farmer in the free states of this Union.
The motives of the co-adjutors in this work
are different; that of the land-holding aristocrats
of England is to enhance the value of the grain
received from their tenants; that of Mr. Stev-
enson to increase the comparative importance
of the Southern States by depressing the
Northern. Shall we not punish the author of
such a design? Shall we not rouse from our ap-
athy when the representative of our country in
a foreign land is there combining with aristoc-
rats to grind the laboring population in the
dust, when an honored son of the U. S. has
smitten his mother in the face, and is seen now
attempting to plant a dagger in her bosom?
Yes! let the voice of indignation be raised in
the cultivated prairies of the West, let it be wel-
laid in the answering shout of thousands of free-
men in the fields of Ohio, Michigan, and New
York, and finally, roll with deafening echo from
the Green Mountains of Vermont, to strike ter-
ror to the hearts of the southern junto of politi-
cians who would prostitute northern interests for
southern aggrandizement.

JAY.
For the Philanthropist.
LETTER FROM REV. OWEN LOVEJOY.
Princeton, Sept. 25th, 1840.

DR. G. BAILEY.—Dear Sir:—Some one has
said, that when we have nothing more substan-
tial to give, we can minister comfort, by im-
parting what we feel. I am extremely sorry to be
confined exclusively to this mode of sympathy,
but hard times seem to render it inevitable. I
have long had it in my mind to write to you,
and tell you how cordially I approved of your
sentiments, on what is termed the political ques-
tion. To say that I am pleased with the man-
ner, in which you have advocated political ac-
tion in your paper, is to say but little. I have
been much glad—I have rejoiced, yea I have
greatly rejoiced in view of it. I am thankful
that the Lord has guided your mind into what,
I most firmly believe to be, the right way. Of
course, it does not lessen the pleasure which I
feel, that you did not assume your present po-
sition hastily, nor till the convictions of your
understanding lead you to it. I feel greatly
obliged to you for the assistance which I have
received from your editorial remarks, and for
those facts showing with sad, but conclusive evi-
dence, the duplicity, and truckling subservience
of that "poor old man, whose trembling limbs,"
are trying to totter up to the Presidential Chair,
the action of your State Society, had I suspect,
no little influence in this State, as it was plea-
ded as a sanction, by those who wanted to
kneel once more in the house of their God
Rimmon, and pour forth a few devotional and
firewell sighs to their idolized party. But the
spell I hope is breaking. And even now there
is a goodly band, who will not bow the knee to
Baal; but it is greatly to be feared, that now as
ever, still greater numbers will flock to the false
worship. It is no new thing you know, sir,
in the records of the world for men to resort to
groves, and there, around their rude constructed
altars, pour out libations to calves.

This is strange doctrine indeed which we
have held out to us of late, that we are respon-
sible for the sin that we do not prevent, even
though that prevention implies wrong-doing on
our part. Now to this doctrine I do not and
cannot subscribe. God does not in his word
hold me responsible for the sin of another, or
for the unprevented consequences of that sin,
where I could not interpose without sinning
myself. I will not give place to such a sen-
timent; by admitting its truth, not for a mo-
ment; and I insist upon it no one shall hold me
guilty in such a case. The same doctrine has
hung the drapery of innocence, over the foulest
crimes. Assassination is an evil, no doubt,—

But it is a greater evil to have a Protestant
Prince on a throne that ought to be occupied by
a good papist. Therefore drive home the knife.
This is logic. But if I have rightly consulted
the word of God, such reasoning as this will not
be heard, in bar of their sentence in the chan-
cery of the skies.
But there is another aspect to this thing.—
We forget, or seem to forget that there is a God
who presides in high authority over the des-
tinies of the nations of the earth. If this nation
is sorely distressed—if its energies are paral-
ysed by a corrupt and selfish administration of
its affairs—if the cloaked tyrant seeks despotic
power—if trembling has seized hold of the na-
tion for fear of the poverty which already has
overtaken, or is about to overtake it—if the
wild savage roams on our borders, and makes the
heart-stone slippery with blood,—granting that
all these sore evils do exist, from whence do
they spring? Does trouble rise from the dust,
or doth sorrow spring from the ground? Is
there evil in the city, and have not I done it
saith the Lord? The proud king of Babylon
and of Egypt, and many a lordly monarch, and
self-confident people, who have exalted them-
selves against the most High, have been
brought to recognize the God of heaven, and
we perchance may be driven to the same ac-
knowledgegment. Is it not clear to all that the
Lord hath a controversy with this people? Is
he not making us feel his chastening rod? And
shall we impudently attempt to oppose the coun-
sels of our Althiphels, and of our eloquent or-
acles to the wisdom of the All-Wise? Are we
prepared to enter the field against the Almighty,
and range our martial heroes against the
Lord of hosts, who is a mighty man, a man of
war? Sir, it is madness mingled with impiety.
Is it not our true policy to conciliate an alienat-
ed God? to propitiate his favor by whom Kings
rule, and Princes decree judgment? Is it not
better to put our confidence in the Lord, than in
Presidents, or banks, or sub-treasuries, or any
other scheme of national policy? Shall we put
our trust in the shadow of a bramble, or shelter
ourselves beneath the extended shade of the
cedar, or the oak? If the Lord speak to the
clouds that they rain not, and command the sun
that it shine not, where is the skillful finance
that cause the blighted earth to yield her won-
dered increase? Where the Executive that can
stay the execution of Divine vengeance on a
guilty land? Who shall shield us from his
arrows when the bow of his wrath is bent; that
mortal hand shall be reached forth to slay the
devouring flames, when they ravage the city;
and drive back the swelling rivers when they
deluge the fields; and arrest the desolating to-
nado as it hurries along, leaving whole cities
a heap of ruins in its path? These views may
be thought erroneous—may even be deemed
fanatical, but, unless I have read incorrectly,
the annals of the world both sacred and profane,
afford abundant proof to substantiate them.—
Whether from a principle of fear, or of love,
our true policy is to hang the temple gates of
Jehovah, and, mounting between the porch
and the altar, to pour our humble cries into his
ear, and seek to quench the flames of anger,
already playing around us, in floods of peni-
tence. Instead of this, what do we do?—Why
we muster by tens of thousands around our log-
cabin temples, and pour upon their reeking al-
tars libations of hard cider, to a martial hero,
whom, not content like good patriots to cano-
nize, we must needs like deluded pagans actu-
ally deify, by looking to him for that relief,
which can come alone from above. And, as if
we meant, not only to trample all sentiments of
the piety beneath our feet, but to violate all
rules in such cases made and prescribed;—we
have placed him at the feast of the gods, and in-
stead of giving him a golden goblet from which
to take his wine, or a porcelain cup of heavenly
mould from which to sip his nectar, we have
put into his hands a rough-hewn noggin from
an oak knot, and set him to guzzling hard-
cider. And these be thy gods, O America. "O
my soul come not into their secret, and unto
their assembly, mine honor, be not thou un-
ted!"

My dear sir, you see that I have written a
long letter, and I close as I began, by telling
you how heartily I concur with you in the senti-
ments which you publish in the Philanthropist,
and promising you my prayers and co-opera-
tion in giving them a wide circulation.
Yours truly,
OWEN LOVEJOY.
For the Philanthropist.
THE FOURTH PARTY.
West Union, Sept. 8, 1840.

DR. BAILEY:
I go in for the 4th party, led on by Birney,
Earle and Honesty. The
1st party is the twelve hundred million, or
Slavery Party.
2d, The Democracy.
3d, The Whig.
4th, The Anti-Slavery Party.

The first party is supposed to exist, at the
South only. This, however, is a great mistake.
The Slaves, indeed, are at the South, but the
owners are the capitalists all over the Union.
Can the southern men afford the investment
of twelve hundred millions of dollars in one
species of property? Southern men are not
such great economists. How then have they
become so immensely wealthy? I do not be-
lieve they are so infinitely wealthy. Well then,
is there any thing impossible in the supposition,
that capitalists in the East and North may be
owners, in part at least, of the twelve hundred
millions? They own the factories that spin the
cotton, and build the American slave ships de-
scribed by Buxton, as engaged in the slave-trade.
And do they not own some of the banks? They
do. Now, I should much sooner guess that
they had some share in the twelve hundred mil-
lions of dollars vested in slaves, than that they
were concerned in the manufacture of wooden
nutmegs. I am myself a Vermonter, and hap-
pen to know that some owners of black cattle
reside in the North. I had the evidence there,
and also in Boston. But I had a more sensi-
ble kind of evidence of this thing once on the Ohio
river. I came within an inch of the honor of
being hanged extemporaneously, for being an
abolitionist—and the lycher-general was a man
direct from Connecticut. My life was indeed
spared, but not by a circle of Yankees—a slave-
holder, not in the abstract, but a Kentucky
slave-holder, was my protector.

I could mention many other facts [and so
could any body else,] to show that the first party
exerts a perfect tyranny over the so-called
free states.

The martyrdom of Judge Birney's press, by
the procurement of the principal jurist west of
the mountains, is a fact not slightly to be passed
over. Facts of precisely the same character a-
bound every where, and would be mentioned,
were it not that people do not like to suffer such
sudden deaths as this twelve-hundred headed
monster, [the first party,] often inflicts.

I do not intend to say that enormities as fla-
gious as the juridical martyrdom of Judge Birney's
press, often occur, but the same sort of
facts are as familiar as household words. Were
it not for the slavery, would the unequal distri-
bution of the surplus revenue be endured? Should
we submit to be gagged in Congress?—Or would
gags come from the North, if the slave-power
did not exist there?

This 1st party operates every where, entirely
controlling the democrats, and producing a most
disgusting sheepishness amongst the whigs. It
imperiously demands the votes of every man,
and almost every individual trembles to the ends
of his fingers and toes at the demand.

This 1st party is like an enormous serpent
stretching itself through the whole United
States. Its tail and sting are in the south
—but its voracious jaws are at the north. It is
the Yankee sea-serpent, not fabulous. More is
realized in its exploits than has been told of the
Anaconda of the desert. It swallows up the
dominant party, and licks its chops eager to
swallow the other party, as soon as it comes into
power. It is a monster of twelve hundred
heads, each weighing a million.

O, who is able to stand before this great red
dragon, who spares not even women, but belches
out his flood to carry them away, even before
they can offer their petitions.

Who can make war with him, invigorated as
he is, having recently swallowed Van Buren and
Harrison and all their hosts? Alas! alas! the
prophecy of the Lord, Jonah like, have gone
down into the stomach of this sea-monster. Dr.
Beaman and John Rankin are this moment stew-
ing in the body of this snake fish; but Rankin
will be an unwelcome morsel in the stomach of
the gormandizer. He will make the snake sick
—and it will spue him out, [as the democrats
did Thomas Morris,] and he will be heard lifting
up his voice like a trumpet against our metropoli-
tan sins. But who will cut off the twelve
hundred heads, each of them precious as a mil-
lion of money? The 4th party, while that
Being who is infinitely superior to Hercules,
will help those who help themselves.

DYER BURGESS.
For the Philanthropist.
Bloomingburg, Fayette Co. O.
Aug. 6th, 1840.

"TO EVERY THING THERE IS A SEAS-
ON."

For the first time, I feel a desire to ask for
space in your paper for one short article.

I do this in order to offer a few hints for the
instruction of religious political abolitionists.—
They are not, however, original, but rather like
dictionary definitions.

They, you know, are deduced from the usage
of the best writers and speakers. May we not
then take the public conduct of such prominent
abolitionists as are Elders, Deacons, Stewards,
Class-leaders, &c., in the various churches,
for the standard by which to regulate our action
in this "season?"

Without further preface, we would
therefore suggest,

1. That, although our local and state societies
have ever considered the slave question of high-
er import than any other political question in
the land, during the present election campaign, it
be not once named.

2. Should any be so indiscreet as to hint that
it would be inconsistent to vote for slaveholders
or pro-slavery men, that they be rebuked with
all sternness, and reminded that "to every thing
there is a season," and that to name slavery
now, will blast the anti-slavery enterprise for-
ever.

3. That it be deemed and considered as an en-
tire abandonment of our first principles, to pre-
sume to advocate an anti-slavery nomination;
though perfectly consistent to unite in the "log-
cabin-hickory-pole-hard-cider" scrapes of the
two prominent political parties.

4. When a pastor may have appointed a spe-
cial meeting for communion, baptism, or other
solemn occasion, at a time on which a political
meeting may have been appointed, that the
church officers promptly direct the pastor to an-
nounce a postponement of the meeting by him
appointed.

5. When it may become desirable to hold a
political meeting, build a log-cabin, organize a
hickory or buckeye association, at any time or
place, where an anti-slavery, temperance, or o-
ther benevolent meeting may have been ap-
pointed, that the trustees of houses where such
appointments are made, and all other prominent
persons forthwith adopt measures to secure to
such political meeting the time and place of ap-
pointment.

6. That it be considered a good and valid ex-
cuse for voting for a pro-slavery candidate of one
party, that some brethren vote for such of the
other party.

7. That any unkind expression by those of
adverse general political views, be deemed a
perfect justification for sacrificing our principles
on the altar of political preference.

8. That if cash be wanted, for defraying the
expense of political festivals, such as procuring
hard cider, purchasing flags, hiring musicians,
&c. &c., it be immediately contributed, though
"times may be too hard" to attempt replenishing
a sabbath-school library, or furnishing out
colored schools or other kindred institutions.

9. Should an editor publish authentic docu-
ments tending to show that favorite prominent
candidates are opposed to the principles contain-
ed in the Declaration of Independence, such ed-
itor be at once denounced, and his paper dis-
continued.

10. That no scruples be entertained in regard
to singing any kind of songs in the house of
God, or in social parties; provided such singing
have for its object, the interest of the favorite
political party.

A SUBSCRIBER.

For the Philanthropist.
A THIRD TICKET.
Cleveland, Sept. 17th, 1840.

DEAR SIR:
Permit me to congratulate you and the coun-
try, that an electoral ticket has been formed in
our state, for which the friend of the slave may
cast his vote, without in any way becoming an
accessary to the crime of perpetuating slavery
among us.

I cannot but deplore the apathy that prevails
among the abolitionists of the northern part of
this state in relation to the oppressed portion of
American-born citizens. Party strife, which
now rages like a burning sirocco, seems to have
dried up all the fountains of benevolence in the
American bosom. Selfishness of the most hate-
ful kind, has made its infernal lodgement in the
very citadel of this Republic, and is sending out
its malign influence to every nook and corner of
the land. It embraces whig and democrat alike;
and many of the declared friends of the "slave
too, are meshed in its coils.

When such men as Blanchard, Wade, Rankin,
and a gloomy list of other like-minded with them,
(who have heretofore labored long and success-
fully to awaken the public mind to some just
sense of the enormity of American slavery,) cast
lost from their moorings on the rock of eter-
nal truth, and spread their sails to the breezes
which blow from "log-cabins," and "hard-
cider," it may well be the occasion of "great
searchings of heart" with us who cannot think
and go with them. That they are laying up
for themselves political troubles, of which they will
soon pray to be disburthened, I have not the
least doubt; but, of their moral obliquity my full
heart will not suffer me to speak. Some of our
seceding brethren say, "we will go for Harrison
and Tyler now, and immediately after the elec-
tion will return to you, and labor for the eleva-
tion of a man to the Presidency, untainted by
his predilections in favor of southern institutions.

What is this but deliberately and (may I not
say) wickedly aiding to elevate men to the most
responsible stations in the government, with the
foregoing conclusion resting upon our lips, that
they are *unfit* for the places to which we (by a
sacrifice of our own just principles) are laboring
to raise them? "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"
How gratifying it would be to us and to
them, could our wayward brethren come back
to us unseathed and untainted by the contents of
the cider barrel and smoke of the log-cabin.—
Yet, we hope and believe, that these imposing
insignia of the whig party, have but few attrac-
tions for them; and that they will truly desire to
come out from under their overshadowing influ-
ence as soon as possible, after their suicidal ob-
ject has been accomplished, if not before; which
may God mercifully enable them to do.

We have had so many conventions in this
part of the state to promote the election of Harrison
and Tyler, and so many trumpets have been
blown, and so many guns fired, in furtherance
of that object, that the benevolent voice in favor
of the oppressed has been nearly hushed in the
confusion. Still, by inquiry I find a precious
few among us who have not been swept from
their foundation by the unremitting political storm
which has raged around and among us since Feb-
ruary. There is, even in "Old Cuyahoga," some
who will cast their votes for James G. Birney
and Thomas Earle, through the electoral ticket
formed at Hamilton on the 2nd inst.

Yours, truly,
For the slave,
Q. F. ATKINS.

For the Philanthropist.
THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

FRIEND BAILEY:
In my intercourse with abolitionists in differ-
ent parts of this state, I find not a few who are
the strenuous supporters of the claims of Gen.
Harrison, and avow their determination to vote
for him at the coming election. Now, it is not
for me to attempt to dictate to any individual, in
what might appear to be a matter of plain duty
in reference to the approaching contest, neither
is such a thing intended here, in hinting at the
views which have given rise to the following
suggestions.

We profess to be abolitionists—opposed to
slavery from principle: our enterprise professes
to be based on a devotion to great and eternal
principles; we are engaged in a warfare of prin-
ciples, without reference to consequences. This
is the pioneer ground, and gave to the enter-
prise its primitive vitality. The work was view-
ed in all its different aspects, and commenced
with a conviction of the magnitude of the under-
taking. The cost was counted and the sacrifice
anticipated, with full reliance on a successful
issue.

While occupying this position, our cause ad-
vanced with unexampled rapidity; great and rap-
id accessions of discordant materials were made
to our ranks—our numbers increased and
strengthened our assurance, while our ardent de-
votion to principle alone, became diminished.
This appears to be the position some of us are
placed in at present; we have arrived at that
stage in the contest when a steadfast adherence
to our original ground demands a sacrifice at our
hands, and our want of devotion has rendered
us unwilling to make it by throwing ourselves
into the breach. If we are not prepared to meet
what we see, and much more, we are not equal
to the task we have undertaken, and shall never
accomplish it.

The present administration which we com-
plain of as such, as expressing us in common
with our opponents, must be considered and en-
dured as an earnest of the dread and unavoida-
ble penalties in store for the aggravated and long
continued violation of known moral laws. We
wish to see our cause succeed; but do we ex-
pect it to succeed without a mighty revolution in
which we may have to surrender every thing we
hold dear, for the triumph of our principles?—
Suffer we must, soon or late; and if we are not
prepared for the worst, let us retreat from the
conflict.

I was educated a whig—and if I have any
predilections, they are for that party. In one
sense, I might be benefited by a change in the
administration; but I believe it wrong for me to
vote for either Harrison or Van Buren, in their
present attitude before the people,—it would be
a dereliction of principle.

Some able correspondents of the Philanthro-
pist intimate, that there are other interests be-
sides those of the slave worthy of attention, and
that when they cannot benefit him, it is their du-
ty to promote them. This would be just and
proper except in certain circumstances. If by
attending to those other interests, the aggregate
of which at this time is not to be compared to
that of restoring to man the enjoyment of his
rational and "inalienable rights," we should di-
rectly or indirectly retard the progress of the lat-
ter, we may be found "fighting against our-
selves," and otherwise injuring our cause by
such palpable inconsistency.

Should we not hold all laws and civil institu-
tions that are not founded on correct principles,
as subordinate to them? And is it not our duty
to endeavor to sustain a relation to each, corre-
sponding with their relative merits? And would
we be doing this by voting for either of the two
candidates before the people? I think not.

If we admit that by refusing to vote for Har-
rison we cast a vote for Van Buren, (which I
cannot understand,) and he should be elected,
what is that to us? We stand acquitted of the
guilt of elevating either him or his rival, to a sta-
tion where they both have pledged themselves
to exercise a mighty power against us and our
cause, we stand acquitted of the crime of "do-
ing evil that good may come," of doing the less
evil to avoid the greater; and with "a conscience
void of offence," we bear a testimony in behalf
of our principles, in the sight of the fountain of
infinite purity.

The business of abolitionists is not so much
the abolition of slavery, as the faithful discharge
of their duties. Let him be elected that may
we must expect privations, and the nearer we
live up to correct principles the better shall we
be prepared to meet them.

Others must suffer with us, and should the pre-
sent administration continue, the nation may be
brought to a condition so as to appreciate the
sufferings of the slave and to sympathize with
him—it must be brought to this ere the work
can be done peaceably. And who knows but
the re-election of Martin Van Buren may indir-
ectly hurry the evil to a point, where, in the
hands of an overruling Providence, it may be
made to cure itself, as in the case of the children
of Israel.

It appears to me, from the very nature of the
divine attributes, and the operation of the natu-
ral laws, that the only safe position we can as-
sume is, that of planting ourselves firmly on our
principles, and laboring faithfully in accordance
with them, and then abide the issue.

Some intimate their intentions to throw up
the Philanthropist on account of its columns be-
ing devoted to the discussion of political action.
They should recollect that the main subject has
taken a deeper hold on the community, and run
into all the relations of society—it meets with
new influences and receives new phases, and
this discussion seems unavoidable. I hope it
will be borne with till the presidential election,
when some change may be expected. Why
should we hesitate to "try all things, prove all
things and hold fast that which is good?"

Most respectfully,
Yours, for the slave,
T. E. LONGSHORE.
Harrisville, O., 8 mo. 18th, 1840.

For the Philanthropist.
LETTER FROM WILLIAM BRYCE, Esq.

DR. BAILEY:
Dear Sir:—Much has been said on the sub-
ject of political action and forming a third party,
not only by yourself, but by other abolitionists.
Among the great variety of communications that
have come under my observation, none are sat-
isfactory to my mind, since you have abandon-
ed the position taken by you, previous to June
23d, '40.

From the time you commenced writing on this
subject, up to that period, you opposed strenu-
ously the third party scheme. The positions
assumed by you in that position, corresponded
well with my own notions of the impropriety
of forming a third political party at this time,
and transforming our "state society with its nu-
merous auxiliaries into state caucuses, or politi-
cal clubs, with kindred auxiliaries."

You have well said that, "we can never re-
gain the high moral ground abandoned, should
the experiment of a political party prove a fail-
ure." No one laments more than I do, the un-
fortunate position into which abolitionists have
been placed, by that portion of them, who are
attempting to force us prematurely into a third
party. I am satisfied that from this course, the
cause of emancipation has received a blow from
which it will not soon recover. And now I ask,
what is to be gained, by running an abolition can-
didate for the presidency? Surely no one in
his senses, believes for one moment that he can
be elected, even if the abolitionists were all to
vote for him. Let the object then be what it
may, the result must be, [if it has any effect,]
to defeat one or the other of the candidates be-
longing to the two great political parties: and it
would seem from the drift of all that has been
said by yourself, and others who have written
on the subject, that your whole aim and object
is to defeat Gen. Harrison and the whig party,
in order that Van Buren may be re-elected

POETRY.

Sabbath Evenings.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

How calmly sinks the parting soul!

Yet twilight lingers still,

And beautiful as dream of Heaven,

It lingers on the hill;

Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things,

Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,

And, rendering back the love above,

Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest trees

In shadowy groups recline,

Like saints at evening bowed in prayer

Around their holy shrine;

And through their leaves the night winds blow

So calm and still—their music low,

Seems the mysterious voice of prayer

Soft echo on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,

Retiring from the sky,

So calmly move, so softly glow,

They seem to fancy's eye

Bright creatures of a better sphere,

Come down at noon to worship here,

And from their sacrifice of love

Returning to their home above.

The blue Isles of the golden sea,

The night arch floating high,

The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,

The bright streams leaping by,

Are living with religion—sleep

On earth and sea its glories deep

And mingle with the star light rays

Like the soft light of parting days.

The spirit of the holy eve

Comes through the silent air

To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes

A gush of mirth there!

And the far depths of ether beam

So passing fair, we almost dream

That we can rise and wander through

Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,

Each pulse is beating wild,

And thought is soaring to the shrine

Of glory undefiled;

And holy aspirations start

Like blessed angels from the heart,

And bind—for earth's dark ties are riven—

Our spirits to the gates of Heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. Y. Star.

Population of the United States.

The progressive increases of the population of the United States may surprise one who has not carefully examined the tables. The regularity of the increase affords the means of determining with great accuracy what is to be the amount of the population at any future period. The partial checks, arising from war, pestilence, or unfavorable seasons, seem scarcely to exercise an influence upon the result, when we divide off time by epochs of ten years.

The official returns present the following:

In the U. S., in 1790	3,929,328
1800	5,300,758
1810	7,239,903
1820	9,638,166
1830	12,838,670

Upon calculation, it appears that at each epoch one-third is to be added to the population of the epoch immediately preceding. Following out the table, the following results are represented:

In 1840	17,114,893
1850	22,819,897
1860	30,426,476
1870	40,568,631
1880	54,091,508
1890	72,032,010

and at the close of the present century, the U. States will contain over ninety-six millions of people. The accuracy of the above will receive an additional proof in the census to be taken during the present year.

Referring to the public health, we find that from 1790 to 1890, there was great loss of life from the small-pox and from the yellow fever, along the Atlantic coast, from 1800 to 1810, the ravages of these diseases were diminished, but typhus fever, amounting almost to pestilence, prevailed to a very great extent. Between 1810 and 1820, the country, for nearly three years, was engaged in war; several seasons were unusually cold and unproductive. From 1820 to 1830, loss of life, from diseases among children, was very great; since 1830, the Asiatic Cholera has passed over the land. Yet upon the whole, causes like these scarcely disturb the regularity.

In the different States, the increase of population has by no means been uniform. In the New England States and the South Atlantic, it has not exceeded seventeen per cent. for the last ten years. Whereas, in the States comprised within the great Mississippi valley, the increase has been vastly more rapid, exceeding one hundred per cent. This difference has arisen principally from emigration from the Eastern and Western States, producing the double operation of subtraction on the one side, and addition on the other, with this further effect that the addition have been to states of small populations, thereby rapidly adding to the percentage. The increase of population per square mile in New England, notwithstanding the numbers that remove is more rapid than in the Western States.

The following results may be anticipated in the returns succeeding the census of 1840.—First, that the States East of the Mississippi having, with some exceptions, enlarged their population so as to approximate to the Atlantic States in numbers to the square mile, they will become the great fountains of peopling the territory farther West. Second, that inasmuch as the amount of labor and fruitful soil in the West, devoted to agriculture will cause our own supply of product the means of profitable employment in manufacturing and other business, it will afford inducements to the people in the Atlantic States to remain at home. Third, the price of land in the early settled Western State has approximated that of the States on the Atlantic, that agricultural labor, although upon a poorer soil, but nearer to market, will be better paid in the latter than in the former. In conclusion, it will be found that the relative increase of population will be more nearly equalized. In the old States, the quantity of land cultivated by each family will be less; but there will be great improvement in the mode of tillage and use.

It may be supposed that the increase of population for the next fifty years, cannot be in the ratio above stated. The astonishing result presented is, no doubt, calculated to produce incredulity, but it is difficult to avoid the argument.—

To speak in round figures, there are one million square miles of land in the twenty-six States, independent of the territories. Baron Humboldt estimates the land within the limits of the U. States as capable of sustaining a population of at least two hundred to the square mile.—Exhibiting a capacity for two hundred millions of people within the States now organized.—England and Ireland each contain about two hundred and fifty to the square mile: France about one hundred and fifty; Germany, including the large and small States, about the same.—At the rate of one third the population of England, the capacity of the twenty-six States would be over eighty millions; at one-half, one hundred and twenty-five millions.

There is less waste land in the U. States, in proportion, than either England or France.—Under these circumstances, what check can be presented to the increase above stated. There can be no deficiency of food or the means of subsistence. A British statesman would consider his own country depopulated, if its inhabitants were reduced to the highest point of the estimate per square mile herein suggested for the U. States.

In observing upon the increase of population, it may be noted, that in all civilized nations, the increase is more rapid in towns than in the agricultural districts. Within one hundred years London did not contain one tenth of the population of England; it now contains one-seventh; yet in the mean time, Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham have grown up to be large cities. The growth in Paris and Lyons is more rapid than in country parts of France.—The reason is obvious; in dense population the waste of raw materials is much less, and the work of the artisan bears a larger proportion to the total labor.

To return nearer home. The State of New York, upon the whole, since the organization of the government, has, and for the next thirty years probably will present the most astonishing results. In 1790, it contained 340,120 people; in 1830, 1,918,608, having increased nearly six fold in forty years. By reference to the tables, it appears that the increase is nearly uniform in each successive ten years, being at the rate of forty per cent. upon the preceding census, at which rate it will contain, at the present census, 2,686,000. It is to be observed that this State, as the great outlet of the north-western section of the U. States, must, independent of its own internal power necessarily advance in population as that section develops its resources. It is fair therefore, to presume that, notwithstanding its present numbers, it will keep pace at least with the whole country for at least thirty years, at which rate the following table is presented:

In 1840	2,560,000
1850	3,400,000
1860	4,500,000
1870	6,000,000

Upon a like ratio in this city, it contains over 300,000, and will contain, in thirty years, over 700,000 people.

From the N. York Sun.

First and Last visit to a Dram Shop.

Timothy Truesdell is the name we shall assign to a very worthy, industrious, and thriving mechanic of New York, who became a burden to himself, a curse to his family, and a nuisance to society at large: in short, one of the most shameless and abandoned drunkards that ever took the measure of an unmade grave in Gotham gutter. He was not weaned from his degrading propensity by the temperance, or the tract society. Their logic was labor lost on Tim, who would have uncorked the bottle amid the quakings and thunders of Mount Sinai, and drained it by the crater of exploding Vesuvius. It was woman's love that cured him, and all women may get a just idea of their importance in society, from his story.

Though he had a wife and five beautiful children, Tim seemed to be unconscious of the fact. He neglected his poor, squandered his earnings, which daily grew smaller, and spent his time at the pot-house, till the high prostitution of all his faculties, or the distasteful words "no more trust," warned him to seek the shelter of his wife's care and protection. His children could not go to school, because learning was dear and rum was cheap; the landlord dunned for his rent, and Mrs. Truesdell was obliged to keep at home, as she had no dress fit to appear abroad in, having pawned the last to pay a fine imposed upon her spouse by the police court. Misery, utter destitution, and famine stared the unhappy family in the face. It is impossible to exaggerate this picture, even had we room or inclination. Mrs. T. was a heroine, though not of romance. She loved her worthless husband, and had borne his neglect, the tears of her children, the grips of famine, and the railing of the drunkard without repining. Never had her exertions slackened—never had a harsh word passed her lips. At night, when she put her children to sleep, she wept and watched for his coming, and when he did come, drunk as usual, she undressed and assisted him to bed, without a murmur of reproach. At length, her courage well nigh exhausted, she resolved upon one last and desperate effort.

At night, having disposed of her three oldest children, she took the two youngest by the hand and bent her steps to the grogery her husband was accustomed to frequent. She looked into the window, and there he sat, in the midst of boon companions, with his pipe in his mouth and his glass in his hand. He was evidently excited, though not yet drunk. Great was the astonishment of that bad company, and enormous Mr. Truesdell's dismay and confusion, when his wife, pale as marble, and leading two tattered and bare-footed babes, stepped up to the bar, called for three glasses of brandy-toddy, and then set down by his side.

"What in the devil brings you here, Mary?" said he, morosely.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek wife. "There is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tim.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." She took up the glass of spirits.

"Surely you are not going to drink that?" asked Tim, in full astonishment.

"Why not? You say you drink to forget sorrow, and if brandy has that effect, I am sure no living creature has so good an excuse for drinking, as I. Besides, I have not eaten a mouthful to-day, and I really need something to support my strength."

"Woman! woman! you are not going to give the children such stuff as that?" cried Tim, as she handed each of the children a glass of liquor.

"Why not? Can children have any more example than their fathers? Is not what is good for him, good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink my children; this is fire, and bed, and food, and clothing. Drink—you can see how much good it does your father."

With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and frequently which he had not done before for years.

The next evening as he returned homeward with a steady step, he saw his oldest boy run into the house, and heard him exclaim, "Oh mother, here comes father and he is not drunk!" Tears came down the parent's cheek, and from that hour he has not tasted strong drink. He had never been vicious or unfeeling, and as soon as his emancipation from the thralldom of a debasing appetite became known, friends, employment, and prosperity, returned to him. As for Mrs. Truesdell, she is the happiest of women; and never thinks without joy and gratitude, of her first and last visit to a dram shop.

Raise Attitudes.

The false postures and attitudes taken by young persons at school, or when engaged in some trade or labor, often become a cause of distorted spine and other deformities—a state to be deplored in all, but more especially pitiable in the female sex. In the remarks which we propose making on the causes, prevention and hygienic treatment of these deformities, we shall content ourselves with the arguments and illustrations in the work of Surgeon Duffin, to which we have already directed the attentive perusal of all parents, guardians, and instructors, on whose knowledge of this matter much will depend, before professional assistance is invoked.

For the better understanding of the subject by our readers, we shall surmise a few particulars respecting the structure of the parts more immediately affected in the spinal distortion. We cannot, of course, be expected, in this place, to speak with professional or technical precision; but while endeavoring to be plain, we hope to be accurate, at least enough so for hygienic purposes.

The back bone is a pillar, built of twenty-four short cylindrical bones, called vertebrae, piled one upon another and extended from large solid bones that support the body, when sitting erect, to the lowest part of the head. We say nothing for the present of the projections from the vertebrae but proceed to remark that the body, as the center-part is called, does not directly touch the one above, or the one below it—there intervenes a strong elastic substance, called technically intervertebral, retains the two vertebrae to which it belongs, continually together; and though strictly speaking, it prevents all immediate motion of one bone of the spine upon another, permits the most extensive motion of the whole column of bones taken conjointly, by means of the great elastic power of which it is possessed. To which ever side the body inclines, this substance readily yields and returns in a moment to its proper position, by a very powerful spring, when the weight of the body and force of the muscular contraction cease to operate. As this substance is continually yielding under pressure during the day, a person of ordinary stature, will often be found considerably taller in the morning, than at night. In old age, the body is shorter than in youth, from the greater condensation of this substance; and its inclination forwards, in persons advanced years, depends upon the yielding of this compressible substance to the weight of the superincumbent structures. Hence, any undue inclination to either side, during life, if frequent, constant, or protracted, will cause a certain diminution in the thickness of this substance on the side to which the body inclines, accompanied by a proportionate rising of the same, on the opposite side, and will in the course of time produce permanent distortion of the whole column of bones. This effect will be more easily produced during childhood, when the bones are in a state of growth, the ligaments more yielding, and the intervertebral substance, peculiarly soft. "A tumor on the head or jaw," remarks Mr. Charles Bell, "which makes a child carry the head on one side or constant stooping, such as is used by a girl in working at the tambour, or the carrying of a weakly child always on one arm by a negligent or awkward nurse, will cause in time a fixed and irreparable distortion."

The moving power of the vertebrae, or back bone, consists in several layers of muscles.—On each side of the spine, is felt a mass of flesh, the muscles of which are attached to various projections from the individual bones (vertebrae). By the joint and concurrent action of these muscular masses, the vertical position is maintained; and according as one or other side, or a particular portion of either, contracts, the body is bent in that direction. The muscles on the front part of the body bend it forward, when they are called into contraction by volition.

Now it must be very obvious, that by a long voluntary contraction of the muscles on one side of the back bone, as when we lean in that direction for a length of time in writing or drawing at a desk, or when engaged at some particular handicraft employment, they acquire, eventually a diseased habit. They become in a measure permanently contracted—while those on the opposite side, from being in a state of rest, become weaker than natural, and are unable to draw the spine to their side, and to restore the vertical position. The effect of this posture is, as already said, to compress the intervertebral elastic substance on the side towards which the body leans, and finally to render it firmer and thinner than on the opposite side.—There is then formed a lateral curvature, which becomes fixed spinal distortion, and a raising of the shoulder on the same side with the prominence of the spine.

The natural consequence of sitting long in the same posture, is an attempt to rest the muscles by leaning a little to one or the other side; and hence a risk of deformity in young persons, who are kept too long a time in school, of acquiring a permanently false attitude, and of suffering from spinal deformity. The risk will be increased, if the person be of a feeble and sickly habit of body and allowed to sit so long in such a position, as to throw up one of the shoulders and the ribs of the same side.—*Journal of Health.*

The Daughter's Barial.

Summer had come. The wild flowers of early spring were withering beneath the sun's scorching blaze, and sending forth on the gentle wings of the wind, the sweet fragrance of their departure. They had sprung upward from the earth's bosom, as the timid heralds of summer's more gorgeous splendor; had staid one short month, and were gone. The wild flowers are my favorites, for in them I read a portrayal of human life. Their countless variety, the loveliness and simplicity of some, and the majesty and grandeur of others, their changeless fragrance and beauty, their early bloom, their drooping and dying, just upon the confines of winter, like

the last lingering and spirit-broken survivor of a past generation; all, all, mirror forth to the mind that is accustomed to read in the great book of nature, the semblance of life.

Did the reader ever stop from his journeyings to pass the Sabbath in any one of the villages that repose so quietly among the Green Mountains? If he has, the story of their unbroken stillness need not be told; for once enjoyed, it stamps itself upon the heart, and forms a bright spot in one's life, to which memory loves to lead back the soul in after years, to throw around it again its hallowed influence.

But what means this? Why this measured and solemn walking in the street, ere the sun be down? Why this gathering at a neighbor's house with such looks of sorrow? Ah! a funeral—I too went forth and mingled with the multitude in their sympathy for the bereaved, for whose heart has not felt its pang! and, once felt, what bosom can hold back the deep fountain that swells up from the hidden recess of the soul.

The Pastor ended his words of exhortation and prayer—kindred and friends sang a wailing song for the lost one, when the black and mournful bier, borne upon men's shoulders, moved from the house of the deceased, to the place appointed for all the living.—"Twas a little grave we stood beside, yet it was a first born's." We have seen the aged die and be gathered unto his fathers like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season; we have seen the middle aged die in their strength and glory laid low in death, and there were tears, too mingled with the damp earth that covered them; but they were not those bitter, scalding tears that wring a mother's heart when the severing of earth's dearest tie is felt. The shade of six summers had scarcely crimsoned the cheek of this beloved daughter, ere the hand of fell diseases grappled strongly its victim, and in a few brief hours of burning fever, she that was prattling with her brother on the lawn, had ceased to be.

The father stood there in strength and manliness, but his heaving bosom and the stealing tear told too plain of the struggle within. The mother was there. She was there. She was a young mother, yet was bowed down with grief and anxious watching; but it seemed as though she had nerved herself to come and see the end. When the sexton had laid the turf upon the little mound, and leaned upon his spade she turned away, and a light was upon her countenance, as if the angel spirit of her daughter had come back from heaven to whisper hope—of an immortal union in the place of the holy, where separation will no more come forever. Then I went to my room, to think how often he that knoweth what is best for us, takes the little flowers, even the opening buds, that are too tender for earth, to transplant in a more genial soil on the banks of the river of life.

The Belgian Giant.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

Mons. J. A. Bihin is very appropriately announced to the public to be a giant. His magnificent organization gives us some conception of the stature, carriage and prodigious muscular power of the renowned champion of the Philistine army, of remote antiquity, Goliath exceeded eleven feet nine inches in height, Monsiear Bihin measures seven feet nine inches. This is being pretty tall, however, when it is recollected that some physiologists maintain that the race is growing shorter. Mr. Porter, the Kentucky giant—the Irish soldier who was here a few months ago—O'Brien, the celebrated giant who travelled through Europe about the year 1810, and one of the most raised by a corrupt soldiery to the throne of Imperial Rome, were all of them superior in altitude to the extraordinary man who is the subject of these remarks. But they were not through-out symmetrically formed. Mons. B. on the other hand, is admirably developed; there is just enough of everything, fitted to the right place over every extent of his mighty framework.—We do not know whether their facial expressions was mild, dignified, severe or ugly; but in regard to the representative from Belgium, all who have seen will concur in saying that he has an excellent countenance, as well as a majestic person.

Independently of a brazen helmet, greaves upon the legs and a brass plate to the shoulders, the hero of Gath wore a coat of mail to protect his body, that weighed one hundred and eighty-nine pounds. When we called on Mons. B. he wore a frock coat that contained four yards and a half of broadcloth. The Philistine carried a spear like a weaver's beam, that had an iron knob at one extremity which weighed twenty-two pounds and three quarters. Mons. B. raised Mr. June, of the Circus, who weighed two hundred and ten pounds, and is six feet four inches tall, from the floor with one hand, turned him somersault, and then quietly deposited him on his feet. He assures us himself that he could lift from the ground eight hundred pounds with his hands and could straighten his back when stepping under a weight of two tons.

He was born at Spa, in Belgium, Dec. 10, 1307. At birth he has been informed that he weighed twenty-six pounds, and measured twenty-five inches in length. He at present weighs three hundred and twenty pounds.—At twelve years of age he measured five feet and ten inches; and at fourteen he was over six feet. Puberty commenced at thirteen.—Around the calf of the leg the girth is twenty-two inches; the thigh twenty-eight inches; and the chest fifty inches. By profession he is an architect, but seems not to have been very laboriously devoted to business. With regard to phenological indications, the head will probably be pronounced, by those who understand the details of the science, to be a well balanced one. We know nothing of his education, further than that he discourses agreeably in French, and tolerably in English, considering it is only about five months since he arrived in the United States. He is married, but has no children. Temperance in eating and drinking seems to have been habitual. Notwithstanding his immense size, his parents, although stout, tall people, are far from being giants, and by the side of their Herculean son, look like children. Taken together, all in all, Mons Bihin is one of the greatest curiosities of the age, alike the astonishment of the ignorant and the wise.

From the Canada Temperance Advocate.

The Temperance Pledge.

A TRUE STORY.

Edward E.—was in affluent circumstances, surrounded by friends who both admired and esteemed him, not only for the wit and talent with which he was gifted, but for what was more important—the sterling qualities of his heart. He had lately married that one only being who had won his earliest, freest, deepest affections; and she was all that his idolizing love had imagined her. With such prospects, who would not have prognosticated for him a long continued scene of uninterrupted love and happiness! Who would not have exclaimed "this fate will be a bright exception to the general rule, that man's days are full of evil."

But alas for human hopes and anticipations! Edward E.—'s page of prosperity was short, whilst his chapter of adversity proved long and bitter. Gradually and by almost imperceptible degrees, he became addicted to the heart-bardening, soul killing vice of intemperance. In vain his friends warned, remonstrated, entreated; he either would not or could not release himself from the iron

grasp of his tenacious enemy. Oh how altered in a few short years was his once brilliant prospect! he had lost an excellent situation, was despised by those who had formerly esteemed him, and excluded from the society of which he had once been the ornament; even his own relations, who had given up all hopes of reclaiming him, sought only to shun or disown any connexion with him, prophesying that he would live a few short years a disgrace to himself and them, and then die, unloved and unregretted, any evening despaired, in short that he must inevitably fill a drunkard's grave. But there was one gentle being who, unlike all the rest, still remained faithful to the lost, wretched Edward; one who loved him with that true love that hopeth all things, believeth all things, that suffereth long and is kind. It was his own meek-uncomplaining wife, who thus hoped, thus believed, thus suffered, and still was kind. She had often been entreated to return to her father's house, where she could again enjoy those comforts and luxuries to which from her youth she had been accustomed. But what to her was comfort or luxury without him who alone formed her happiness or misery. "No" she would reply to all their persuasions, "am I not his own wedded wife, and shall I desert him? Have I not sworn to love him through every thing, and Edward will yet be reclaimed, I know he will." And Oh blessings on that fond trusting woman's heart! Edward was at length reclaimed, and through her gentle influence and instrumentality. True she had to go through long years of humiliation, mortification and pain; true she had to endure poverty, pride, neglect, and the world's scorn; but it was for his dear sake, and God who holds in his hands the hearts of men, had prepared for her a rich reward, even the consummation of that for which alone she lived. Edward was not totally devoid of feeling, and Mary had judged right in believing that kindness and long enduring affection, would make a deeper impression than harshness or upbraiding; for in his sober and better moments as he looked on the pale face of his once happy and adored wife, and ever met there the same glance of untrusting love, the thought of the dark cloud which he had spread over her days, of the ruin and desolation which he had hung around her path, inflicted a pang sharper and deeper than the most bitter taunt could have wrung from his agonizing heart.

It was on a dark, cold night in November, that Mary sat in an upper apartment of a house situated in the outskirts of the town, still lovely, though the bright bloom of youth seemed to have fled forever from her fair young cheek. The room was scrupulously neat and clean, though but scantily furnished, a small fire burnt cheerily in the grate, and on the table near it was placed a supper apparently for one. Mary was sitting near a cradle which ever and anon as its little inhabitant stirred she would bend over and rock with her foot. She had been for some time absorbed in deep, and it would seem troubled thought, for often the large tear would gather in her eye and hang heavy on the long dark lash. "I am afraid he will not come," she at length murmured; "but he promised that he would, and he has been home earlier than usual these last few nights, and appeared more like himself than I have known him for many years." Mary sank upon her knees, her lips moved not in prayer, but her now streaming eyes were raised to heaven, and there was more of imploring, beseeching earnestness in that than language could have expressed. At that instant a low knock was heard at the street door, she sprang up. "Perhaps it is him!" With trembling hand she snatched the candle and stood leaning forward to catch the first sound. It was indeed him, and his step sounded firm and steady as he ascended. Mary returned to the room and stood leaning against the wall for support. Edward entered, not with his usual flushed face, staggering gait, and excited manner, his air was animated it is true, but it was the animation produced by an approving conscience, and the consciousness of having gained a greater victory than earth's proudest conquerors ever achieved—namely a victory over himself, and the demon of intemperance. He drew near to Mary, and passed his arm round her waist. "My own Mary," he began, and his voice was soft and low, and to her ear, just as musical as in happier years, long since flown. "My own dear Mary," he went on, "my guardian angel whose love has been a sweet unquenchable light in my dark path of sin and degradation, ever alluring me back to virtue, let this temperance pledge (and as he spoke he placed a small paper in her hand) which I have this night signed, and which with God's blessing I hope to keep, be to us a pledge of returning happiness." Oh! who can paint the love, joy, gratitude that leaped into those late melancholy eyes, or the bright blood that suddenly crimsoned the cheek, neck, brow, and as quickly ebbed back to her happy heart as she hid her face in his throbbing breast and wept aloud. Her work was done, she had not suffered in vain, her prayers had been heard, the lost was found, the dead was alive. Edward E.—is now a devoted husband, and affectionate father, and a steady industrious man, and I have no doubt will soon be a prosperous one, for I have been young and now am old, but have I never seen the righteous man forsaken or his seed begging their bread?"—E. J. D.

The World's End.—During the last two or three centuries, upwards of thirteen fixed stars have disappeared. One of them, situated in the Northern Hemisphere, presented a peculiar brilliancy, and was so bright as to be seen by the naked eye at mid-day. It seemed to be a star, appearing at first of a dazzling white, then of a redish yellow, and lastly of an ashy pale color. Its Place supposed that it was burned up, as it has never been seen since. The conflagration was visible about sixteen months.

Tears.

There is sacredness in tears. They are not the marks of weakness but of power.—They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unexpressed love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotions of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh speak not harshly of the stricken one—weeping in silence. Break not the solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. Despire not a woman's tears—they are what makes her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what helps to elevate him above the brute. I love to see the tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if not one to weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

A hint to Girls.

We have always considered it an unerring sign of innate vulgarity, when we hear ladies take particular pains to impress us with an idea of their ignorance of all domestic matters, save sewing and weaving a net to incase their delicate hands. Ladies, by some curious kind of focus power, have got it into their heads that the best way to catch a husband is to show how profoundly capable we are of doing nothing for his comfort. Frightening a piano into fits, or murdering the king's French, may be good bait for certain kinds of fish, but they must be of that kind usually found in very shallow waters. The surest way to secure a good husband is to cultivate those accomplishments which make a good wife.

We never yet knew a man disposed to scorn the humble who was not himself a fair object of scorn to the humblest. A man of a liberal mind has a reverence for the little pride that seasons every condition, and would deem it sacrilege to affront or abate the respect which is maintained with none of the advantages of his side, and solely by the observance of the homesties of life.

Trees.

The subscribers have on hand and will continue to receive supplies of the Morus Multicaulis which they sell to suit purchasers.

HEATON AND WEAVER.

Salem, Columbiana Co. O. Sept. 10 1839.

MORUS MULTICAULIS FOR SALE.